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CELEBRATION,

OR,

THE ACADEMIC PROCESSION

TO

St. JAMES's;

AN ODE.

BY *PETER PINDAR*, ESQ.

Rare Band! whom wide-mouth'd MOB with ſhouts ſhall hail;
WEST at the *head*, and WILTON at the *tail!*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN WALKER, NO. 44, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M.DCC.XCIV.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

[*ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.*]

CONTENTS.

PETER, *after the manner of Parſons, prayeth for good weather.—He beggeth* MORNING *to ſmile on the meat and drink, and the caval-eading Members of the* ROYAL ACADEMY.—PETER *upbraideth Mr.* WILTON *for guzzling porter with* low *People* below, *when he ſhould be* above *amongſt the* Antiques.—*The* CAVALCADE *deſcribed.—It arriveth at St.* JAMES's.—*The* MEMBERS *tremble.—They appear before their* SOVEREIGN.—*They fall on their faces.—They get up again.—The* PRESIDENT *receives the honour of Knighthood.—He feeleth himſelf metamorphoſed into a ſublimer creature.—A moſt original, beautiful, and ſtriking compariſon between Mr.* WEST's *new ſtate, and that of a Butterfly.*—PETER *wondereth at the* great power *of a* SWORD, *and a* word, *and wiſheth they could improve the literary abilities of* MISTER WEST.—*The* MEMBERS kiſs hands; *who,* PETER *thinketh, would gladly kiſs* any other part, *than* no part *of* MAJESTY.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE READER.

MARVELLING READER,

SOON after the death of Dr. JOHNSON, a ſubſcription for a monument to the memory of that celebrated MORALIST being in circulation amongſt the *firſt* people of the kingdom, the ROYAL ACADEMY generouſly and unanimouſly voted One Hundred Pounds towards the expences, as a tribute of regard for ſo extraordinary a Man, and one of their own Members; Dr. Johnſon holding the place of PROFESSOR OF MODERN LITERATURE. This reſolution being preſented to the KING, his MAJESTY, in conſideration of the *extreme poverty* of the ROYAL

ACADEMY, inſtead of giving the ROYAL ASSENT, impoſed the ROYAL VETO.—So much for Dr. Johnſon.

In conſequence of the exalted idea entertained by the MEMBERS of the Royal Academy of the late PRESIDENT's (SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS) diſcourſes, they reſolved in council that an ELEGANT EDITION ſhould be printed at the expence of the Academy; one copy to be preſented to each of the Members; the remainder of the copies to be depoſited in the Library of the Academy; and a copy to be given occaſionally to the moſt ſucceſsful Student, and to the newly-elected Academicians. This reſolution was alſo offered to the KING, who, on account of the *ſtill-reigning poverty* of the Academy, put a period to the proceeding, by a ROYAL VETO!

MISTER WEST, the preſent *extraordinary* PRESIDENT of the Royal Academy, *un*terrified by ROYAL VETOS, *with* and *by* the advice of his COUNCIL, magnanimouſly pro-

 duced

duced another ſtring of reſolutions:—viz. to beg to be *permitted* to *eat* and *drink*, *totis viribus*, in ſpite of the Academy's *poverty*, the ACADEMY's and his MAJESTY's good health, amidſt *mountains* of meat, and *oceans* of drink; to preſent an addreſs of *humble* thanks to his MAJESTY for his *unexampled Munificence* to his own Academy; and to be indulged with the honour of preſenting a handſome MEDAL of GOLD to *his* MAJESTY, to *her* MAJESTY, to the PRINCE of WALES, and to the PRINCESS ROYAL. Theſe reſolutions were fortunately received by MAJESTY with the moſt *flattering cordiality*; *and this day*, all theſe things (God willing) are to be *performed* and *executed*, together with the moſt *auguſt* and *ſublime* ceremony of MISTER BENJAMIN WEST's *Knighthood*.

Redeunt Saturnia Regna!

THE

ACADEMIC PROCESSION

TO

St. JAMES's.

SOL, put thee on thy beſt gold wig to-day;
Let rude DECEMBER be the gentle MAY;
Chain'd be the tempeſts, and well bung'd the rain;
Nor let a fog his ſullen twilight ſpread,
As lately dark'ning bade us think the head
Of ſome HIGH-TITLED MAN was cleft in twain.

Yes, yes, let MORN look down with ſmiling pride,
And ſmile on roaſt, and boil'd, and bak'd, and fry'd,

And grill'd, and devill'd, gums of GENIUS greeting;
Smile too upon the Academic Men,
Reſpectables indeed! who, nine in ten,
Well as of *painting*, know the *art* of *eating*.

Smile too on the Proceſſion—*grateful* Throng,
That glorious through the Strand ſhall move along,
And at Saint James's give th' addreſs of honey;
Full of rich loyalty and candied praiſe,
For royal favours that a world *amaze!*
Viz. pictures, ſtatues, drawings, books, and money!

Rare Band! whom wide-mouth'd *Mob* with ſhouts ſhall hail;
WEST at the head, and WILTON at the tail.

Yet let not WILTON join the glorious Rear;

No, let not WILTON in the band appear;

WILTON, who, lazy beer-admiring Maſter,

For Whitbread, quits his pupils and their plaſter;

Deſerts, for common ſerving-men, the room,

And *hobs or nobs* with LADIES of the Broom:

Preferring thus black Charles's* Æthiop face

To BELVIDERE APOLLO's head and grace;

O fie! 'midſt vulgar porter-pots regaling;

Who leav'ſt great HERCULES for poor grey JOHN†,

And, what muſt ſhock the feelings of a ſtone,

The youthful VENUS for old MOTHER MALING‡.

See I

* A Servant of the R. Academy.

† An old Servant *alſo* of the R. Academy.

‡ A Servant *likewiſe* of the R. Academy.

See! from yon DOME, amid th' expectant throng,
Slow moves the tribe of BENJAMIN along,
While FAME before them with her trumpet flies;
Whilſt on their heads, from bulks and chimney-tops,
As thick as herrings, or as thick as hops,
Wild ADMIRATION caſts her countleſs eyes.

And now they reach the GATE of ADORATION!
And now a very ſudden palpitation
Amid the fibres of their hearts they feel!
And now of ROYALTY th' electric ſhock,
Juſt as a man upon the black-brow'd rock
Has oft experienc'd from the numbing EEL*!

And

* The Torpedo.

And now they panting mount SAINT JAMES's ſtairs,
In *goodly* order and in *goodly* Pairs;
Now at the HALL OF AUDIENCE they arrive;
Now 'midſt the blaze of MAJESTY they fall,
Prone on their faces like affrighted PAUL,
Half dead, alas! poor Saint! and half alive.

See them, like nine-pins tumbled on the plain!
And now they get upon their *ends* again!—
Behold grave BENJAMIN th' Addreſs preſent!
Now on his knees (his ſoul's firſt wiſh!) delighted,
Behold *once*-Quaker-BENJAMIN be-knighted,
Amidſt a moon-ey'd hoſt of wonderment!

Now on his ſhoulder drops the magic ſword:
"Ariſe SIR BENJAMIN!" the SOVEREIGN ſays—

Happy, the KNIGHT ariſeth at the word,
And feels himſelf o'erwhelm'd with GLORY's rays.

In bolder ſtreams his blood begins to flow;
His heart ſublime, a richer torrent pours;
He looks contemptuous on the mob below,
And, ſwelling, now a pyramid he tow'rs.
With *Lords* behold him talk—with *Ladies* chat
Of ſceptres, ſnuff, rebellions, and *all that.*

Thus from his humble ſhop the ſilken WORM
That *crawl'd* at firſt the earth, to man's ſurpriſe,
Burſts forth with ſplendour—what an angel form!
And mounts on glittering wings of gold the ſkies.

Talks to *this mealy* LORD, and now *that* FAIR,

So happy mingling with the Tribes of Air!

Ah! dwelleth ſuch rare virtue in a *ſword?*

Ah! lodgeth ſuch huge magic in a *word?*

Good heav'ns! what pity for th' unletter'd KNIGHT,

They cannot teach to *ſpeak* and *read* and *write!*

And now they humbly all kiſs hands ſo ſweet;

How bleſt the hand of MAJESTY to greet!

For which, miles high would thouſands gladly jump:

And would but ſacred MAJESTY *permit*,

Such really is AMBITION's raging fit,

(Unlike RABELAIS the rogue*) they'd kiſs the *rump!*

Now

* The ſtory of Rabelais running from the Pope's preſence is too well known to be repeated.

Now cloath'd with honour, ſee the troop retreat!

Now MAJESTY's good health they *drink* and *eat*!

Now, maudlin, MAJESTY's good health *diſgorge*!

Now on poor *kingleſs* FRANCE they run their rigs!

Now mad for MAJESTY they burn their wigs!

Now, loyal, fry their watches* for KING GEORGE!

* This farce was actually performed during the late reign, in the full foam of loyalty, by the MAYOR and ALDERMEN of a *certain* Corporation in a weſtern county.

THE END.